

My Parents' Secret Past

I thought my parents were just like everyone else's parents until I discovered their secret past.

Late one night, I couldn't fall asleep. I was lying on my bed when suddenly I heard a loud noise coming from my parents' room. I've got a pair of sensitive ears. I can hear noise from far away. I can hear the wind sing, I hear the sea wail and I can hear the trees whisper. No, it is not that unusual, but it is impossible for humans to have this ability. I heard my parents talking animatedly in their room. Then I figured out one thing: my mother wasn't a human!

I couldn't believe my ears. Maybe the wind was just babbling, I told myself. But the next day, I decided to do something that I had never done before: I searched my parents' room. I walked into their room surreptitiously. After 15 minutes, I found a rock packed in a wooden box. There were red lights shining through the rock. The lights were twinkling just like they were breathing. Then abruptly, my father came in and saw me holding the rock. There were many feelings flashing through his eyes. Then he told me the full story.

When he was a young boy, he loved exploring nature. One day, he came to a weird forest where he caught a fairy. Suddenly, the forest turned around and caught on fire. When he woke up, he was in a world full of girls and they were all fairies. He fell in love with one of them, my mother, but she couldn't leave the forest. Lastly, an old tree gave her this rock, but the rock became her life. When the light in the rock went out, she would die too.

I looked at the fading light in the rock in my hands. Tears were running down my face, but what could I do? I was hopeless and desperate. That night, while I was sleeping, I heard the wind singing:

“There's only one way to save a fairy's life:
Get the blood from her dearest
And place it on the rock.
Then she doesn't need to die.”

I got up instantly and rushed to their room. I took out the rock and used its sharp edge to wound my palm. Slowly, blood dripped down upon the rock. My parents woke up and looked at me. My mother came over to check my wound and my father stared at the rock and then at me. The light in the rock was glowing brighter and brighter until it glowed a golden yellow. All of us were crying, looking at the rock, the brightest star in the world.